WHERE AWAY! O the Lands of Where Away! Tell us—tell us—where are they? Through the darkness and the dawn Through the darkness and the da-We have journeyed on and on— From the cradle to the cross— From the cradle to the cross— From possession unto loss, Seeking still from day to day For the Lands of Where Away.

When our baby feet were first Planted where the daisies burst, And the greenest grasses grew
In the fields we wandered through,
Still with childish discontent
Ever on and on we went,

Hoping still to pass, some day, O'er the verge of Where Away. Roses laid their velvet lips

On our own, with fragrant sips,
But their kisses help us not,
But their sweetness we forgot;
Though the brambles in our track
Plucked at us to hold us back—
"Just ahead," we used to say,
"Lie the Lands of Where Away."

Twining arms about us thrown-

Ohildren at the pasture-bars,
Through the dusk, like glimmering stars
Waved their hands that we should bide
With them over evenfide,
Down the dark their voices failed
Falteringly as they halled,
And died into yesterday—
Night aheadand—Where Away;

Warm caresses, all our own,
Can but stay us for a spell—
Love has nothing new to tell
To the soul in need supreme,
Aching ever with the dream
Of the endless bliss it may
Find in Lands of Where Away! -J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Journal

HOW ALUMINIUM WON THE GRAND PRIX.

Of course I must take the reader into my confidence in this affair now, or forever af-terward hold my peace about the matter. Let me trust that it will not go any further, as what I am going to disclose is a secret of the French turf, and unknown to any of the "knowing ones" of the French capital, whose name is "legion," and consequently should be kept strictly entre nous. "O that

Let me begin at the beginning. "O that the leopard could change his spots!" I sighed to myself as I took my usual fouro'clock walk along the Avenue des Acacias. The vernal sun that causes the violet and the snow-drop to blossom had also brought out the traces of the entire winter's table accidents on the only frockcoat I possessed. The sun and the dust are bad enough; but then there are the April showers, which often extend far into the month of May, and It would often seem that the much-abused clerk of the weather becomes confused even in the leafy month of June, and turns on the April tap. All the forces of reviving nature in spring-time seem combined to crush the impecunious man of modern times -I mean the man of the world-and awaken him to a sense of shame and ridicule after an expensive winter of folly and fashion.

Only yesterday I was standing on the curb-stone, and the beautiful, refreshing rain came down in sheets, as the fascinating Comtesse De X. sailed past in her gorgeous landau. I was constrained to suddenly open my neatly-folded umbrella, displaying two woful rents in the same that had hitherto escaped my vigilance. I have tried sleeping upon my unmentionables, but it fails to renovate them as to a certain "bag-giness" at the knees, which "bagginess" my tailors, Messrs. Schneider and Clippertape assured me could never occur in trousers of their "build," generally acknowledged to be the knee plus ultra of fashion. Perhaps I have lost flesh, too. It is unfortunite, but my social position requires that I should keep up a preserved.

lendeavored to obtain an engagement at the Musee Grevin to pass as a waxwork figure. I thought that in this way I might get a litthe rest, and at the same time be making some of the "needful." The manager damped my hopes on this score, however. He said that while fully admiring my disthe resemblance I bore to any celebrity, pa-t or present, was not sufficiently striking to warrant his placing any niche at my disposal. Thus, gentle reader, appearances are against my waxing great in this line. Are

great men always insignificant-looking? Since that time I have been living on expectations and invitations to dine out, chiefly the latter. When I see the nou-veaux riches, and people who have more money than they know what to do with and nothing in particular to "keep up," except, perhaps, a reputation for being easily sold, it makes my heart ache. I don't mean to say that I am envious; but merely that I should like to be in their shoes for a while, especially as their heels are usually quite correct, and are not worn off at the back, as mine are. Should this go on much ionger, I shall soon have to show a clean pair of els: not from any motives of fear, but from sheer inability to cover them. Indeed, often feel that if expectations do not "result" soon, I shall be obliged to take to my bed on account of my linen, or rather on account of a plentiful lack of it. I had thought of borrowing; but one naturally feels a sort of pride or reserve that makes it difficult to postulate for trifles when one already owes a few years' arrears. I have a friend, however, from whom I might borrow, but I never could. This arose from simple im-pecuniosity. He is a great genius, however, and was evidently destined to make his mark in the world, as the reader will prob-ably learn before he finishes this veracious narrative. I once asked Joe (that's my friend's name, Joe Hook; he is, of course, an American, from the State of-well, the other States might be envious of such a genius, so I won't say where he hails from)— I once asked Joe for a louis, hoping that this request might elicit a smaller sum; but he only folded me in his arms in a warm em-brace and wept. Whether it would have affected him as much had I at the time asked him fairly and squarely for a dollar is a question I have not been able to solve. I can assure the indulgent reader, however, nevertheless, that the time had come when to passively permit my-self to be strangled by the octopus Penury, without a last frantic effort for

cess to the refreshment-room, by the "Shoddy Ladies' Committee" at the great fair that was shortly to be given for the benefit of disappointed office-seekers.

I must tell you that my friend Joe was an artist as well as a great inventor. So I com-muned thus with myself: "Joe is an artist, and it is almost within the bounds of possibility that he has sold a picture. There are a few fools left in the world yet." On this faint hope I regaled myself. But, alas! poor Joe was far ahead of this century—too poor Joe was far ahead of this century—too far, perhaps—yet his genius was starding. He painted a canvas for the Salon, and brought it before the approving committee. At first the work set forth a glowing sunset upon a placid summer sea; but the committee whose duty it was to approve did not view the sunset in the proper light, and disapproved. He, nothing daunted, then in-

freedom, would be unworthy of the great

future I felt was in store for me. I had been promised an usbership, with free ac-

"Are you alone?" he asked. I answered in the affirmative. He then opened the door a little wider, and peered about as if he thought that some one might be concealed behind me. At last his suspicion was allayed.

voice; and I accordingly followed him into the steller.

We stood before a huge upright mass, covered with a green dust sheet, that occu-pied the center of the room. Joe fixed his deep, penetrating gaze upon me for an instant, as he laid one hand on the dust sheet. At that instant he looked positively dramat-

"Come in," said be, in an assured tone of

ic. He was gran !.

"You will now see," he said, in deep, sepulchral tones, "what no other mortal yet has seen, save myself, who gave it be-

With this he tore away the covering, and displayed to my astonished gaze what appeared to be an ordinary-sized horse.
"What a joke!" I exclaimed. "How on earth did vou manage to make him come up

the stairs?" I must own that although I was greatly surprised, still I felt relieved, as from Joe's impressive manner I had feared it was something dangerous he was about to show

"This is my creation," continued Joe. stroking the animal's mane. "It is I who have breathed life into his nostrils."
"Is he mad?" I thought to myself.
"What!" I asked, aloud, "do you mean to say that he is not alive?"
"Look!" said the sorcerer, as he opened

* Look!" said the sorcerer, as he opened a trap in the side of the figure, displaying to my astonished eyes a most intricate

animate inert matter-to give it life and

I now remembered that some years ago he had invented a flying-machine that was to have been exhibited at the International Exhibition, but which, at least according to his own account, through some carelessness on somebody's part, broke loose the night before the opening, and was not heard of for weeks, when it was discovered flapping and floundering about in a wild manner on the "steep brow of the mighty Helvellyn" by some unsophisticated natives of the "North Countree," who supposed it to be alive, and from whom it experienced some rough treatment in its capture. It was brought back to Paris in a ruinous condition, but after a renovation from the master hand of Joe, being of an erratic disposition and impatient of any trammels, it again broke bounds, and flew off, body and bones—abiit, erupit, evasit-and nobody has been able to discover its hic jacet. Poor Joe! I endeavored to console him with the little joke, "Sic itur ad astra," but he refused, like Rachel, to be comforted, because his mathine was not. "It's just my in-fernal luck?" said he

But let me attempt to give my reader some idea of this wonderful automatic horse, and in as few words as possible, for detailed description is out of the ques-

The machine resembles a horse in every detail, being a perfect skeleton, composed of aluminium, covered with a horse-hide. This is most ingeniously contrived, and will bear the closest inspection. Aluminium (thus named by my friend on account of the metal of which it is chiefly composed) weighs only eighty pounds. The motive power is highly compressed air confined in four brass cylinders of equal dimensions concealed within the carcass, connected with each other and by a complicated machinery with the four articulated legs of the machine. Aluminium is set in motion by pressing gently forward in the saddle, a trot, canter, or gallop being obtained by working the reins as with a living animal. Turning is contrived by causing the limbs of the machine to move more or less rapidly on one side or the other. This is done by the rider's knees, and drawing in the proper rein at the same time. Joe says that one of the advantages which Aluminium possesses over his brethren in the flesh is that, like railway locomotive, his motion is reversible, and he can go the pace backward as well as forward. This his inventor considers one of his strongest points. Should the rider desire, or should occasion require, that the metallic steed be ridden backward, it can be very easily managed, thus: The saddle is reversible, and the rider guides the horse by the tail, which is cunningly divided into two braids, as whilom English ladies did their back hair. As regards the "looks" of this steed, the only fault I could find in his points was the neck, which appeared unnecessarily straight and clumsy. I ventured to hint this little detail to my friend, who only answered with a wink accompanied with the words: "Looks are not everything,

The very night of my visit we tried the machine in the Champ de Mars. The movements of Aluminium were very natural, and in long distances he was bound to be the

I felt now that the only thing left for me o do was to come to an understanding with Joe, who seemed to desire nothing better than the proposal I made.

The Grand Prix de Paris, that was to come off at the Bois de Boulogue in three days, was discussed, and it was agreed that should be backer, while Joe was to play the

part of trainer.
"Well," said Joe, in his new role, "suppose you take him over the three thousand meters while I watch his pace." I mounted accordingly and commenced a

lively gallop round the field. I got over the ground in good time, but as ill-luck would have it, something went wrong with the apparatus for stopping the beast, and to my surprise and terror he went round and round at the rate of an express train for nearly an hour and a balf, until all the air in the cylinders was exhausted. Ugh! the brute. I felt like Mazeppa, with this exception, that he was tied on, and had no fear of falling and breaking his neck, which at times seemed no remote contingency with

" Aluminium must be entered at once." said I, as soon as I recovered breath. " And a jockey must be found—a suitable

that, as a point of honor, I have never asked jockey."

any living soul for less than a louis. I felt, any living soul for less than a louis. I felt, any here lay the difficulty. He must not only be a clever and willing servant, but his agreed to spend the remaining days in initiating him into the mysteries of the ma-

> I felt that I had my hands full, but in less than twenty-four hours I had entered Aluminium for the Grand Prix, and found a man who I thought would do to ride him. His name is Bill English, a jockey well known on the British and French turf as always doing his best to win, and quite incor-ruptible. He pulled rather a long face, however, when he was presented to his mount, but Joe's persuasive eloquence, and the promise of a substantial share in the "spoils of the enemy" we looked forward to for replenishing an exhausted exchequer, overcame whatever prejudice he had enter-

tained against our metalic racer.

I now had to turn my attention to another most important matter, on which the success and honor of our undertaking greatly-indeed, wholly-depended.

It was impossible to let Aluminium bim-self pass inspection at the *pesage* on the day of the race, for however perfect he approved. He, nothing daunted, then inapproved. He, nothing daunted, then inserver day of the race, for however perfect he
inspection would infallibly unveil the
trick. A substitute must be found for
that ordeal. Armed with a piece of horsehide of the same complexion as that with
which Aluminium was covered, as a sample, and having the automaton's measureple, and having the automaton's measurements in my pocket, I rushed about Paris
ments in my pocket, I rushed about Paris
ments in my pocket, I rushed about Paris
ments in my pocket, I rushed about Paris ignorant individuals what an unduly born genius of the twentieth century could do.

It was with a certain vague feeling of apprehension not unmingled with melantholy that I rapped on Joe's door on the beauti ul morning of the 1st of June, 1882.

My summons was at last answered, but I was not admitted at once. Joe opened the

Grand Prix to place himself and his horse and fiscre at our entire disposal. I thought it good policy that Aluminium should not be seen before the eventful day. It was not that my conscience pricked me in the least, animal that I took so many precautions, but because in these old countries there are such conventional flesh and blood. Look at the wooden horse of Troy, the loadstone horse of the Arabian Nights, the bronze horses of the blind Doge Dandolo, and last, and not least, the

'famous horse of brass On which the Tartar King did ride," celebrated in immortal verse by Chaucer and Milton! These last were metallic horses like Aluminium, and everybody will admit that a horse of mettle is an accepted and honored

term as well on the turf as at the Jockey

Club. Nevertheless, it is well to guard against malicious persons.

I felt myself quite worn out with the mental strain and anxiety to which I had been subjected even with the trifling preliminaries I have sought to describe. Still more arduous labors were in store for me. I felt that the greater part of the responsibility devolved upon me, as the machine. I felt certain, was all right, and bound to

I now turned my attention to the book-makers. Rymil's horse, Bruce, and the Duke of Hamilton's Fenelon, were the only oppo-nents I feared in the least, according to Aluminium's time. I went continually to the Jockey Club to endeavor to persuade my mechanism.

"I have never seen the like before," I exclaimed, in confused wonder.

"It has been the secret study of my life," said he, "my one absorbing ambition, to animate inert matter—to give it life and some wet I had entirely formatted. not profane—yet I had entirely forgotten to inscribe on the committee's books the exact sex of my "entry." However, as this was rather more a matter of taste than one of conjecture, I gallantly put down "filly," with a sublime indifference for the Latin gender of the name-by the way, is it Latin! They then requested me to sign a paper guaranteeing that Aluminium was not more han three years old, to which I also cheerfully complied with alacrity, as I knew she had been riveted together only last au-

> In going the rounds of the book-makers in the evening I met Monsieur Druot, a member of the French Academy, a mild, scientific old gentleman, decorated with a commandership of the Legion of Honor. He stated that having heard that I had made an entry for the Grand Prix, he took the liberty of begging me to use my influence with the guardians of the course in order that he might be permitted to place a recently per-fected photographic instrument under the judges' stand, or at the winning post-anywhere, if it were only on the line-so as to enable him to reproduce instantaneously the last struggle. I returned that I should only be too proud to assist him in any way that lay within my power in the further-ance of his scientific researches, and gave him a rendezvous on the course for the mor-

> In the meantime, while I had been engaged in arranging the last preliminaries in town. Joe and Bill English, under cover of the darkness, had proceeded to the Bois with Aluminium and the flace 7817. Some time after midnight I went out and joined them in a little isolated building opposite to the course, to the left of the grand stand, that had been hired by Joe for the occasion. The strictest incognito had been successfully maintained. Bill English had taken advantage of the dim starlight to ride Aluminium twice over the course, about three thousand meters. The "time" made could not be more promising, the only thing wanting being another touch of oil. I found the fiacre horse I had so carefully selected for his resemblance to the machine quietly munching his oats; it must have been a treat to him, for his usual fare could not have been better than hav at the best of times.

Joe had disposed of the driver, who was evidently fresh from the provinces, by promising to pay two france an hour. and keep ing the horse an indefinite length of time.

I watched the quiet enjoyment reflected in the poor animal's confiding eyes by the flickering light of a badly-trimmed oil-lamp, and could not help feeling a twinge of conscience at the thought that I had taken him from the pursuit of his honest calling to make a "guy" of him, shortly after sunrise, before some of the first "thoroughbreds" of France and England.

We had agreed that it was safer to replace Aluminium by No. 7817 in the usual early morning canter, as the "knowing ones" would be there, and our jockey thought it unwise to run the risk of minute inspection I must confess that on retiring to a little low loft above the stable I scarcely slept a wink, though half dead with fatigue, until early dawn, when I was aroused from a con-fused vision of phantom jockeys on skeleton ments of Aluminium were very natural, and far less jerky than one might have been led to suppose. Speaking of running time, his marks compared very favorably with the contemporary species he was destined to personify on the turf. It was evident that me that he had set up all night, fearing that some one might steal into the stable and discover the machine. A great many people had come out from town to see the morning canter-sporting characters, book-makers, and the simply curious, who often show a much interest in such matters as if they had thousands at stake. Many of the other horses were already out. No. 7817 neighed as he stepped on to the course; but Bill En-glish looked sullen and depressed. "I'll give yer five francs for 'is 'ide!" shouted one individual close by us.

"Put some salt on 'is tail!" roared another. "Chalk 'is beak!" said a third.
"Don't you mind what they say," pered Joe.

But these little incidental remarks of the bystanders were nothing to the shouts of laughter that greeted our unfortunate "bogus," as the jockey called him, after the canter, when he came in thirty lengths behind all the others.

"I'll make 'em laugh out of the other side of their mouths, sir. I'll show em a trick or two before the day is done," remarked Bill, sullenly, but with a gleam in his eye which showed that he meant mischief. It was evident that the chaffing he had undergone had not agreed with him, and that he And a jockey must be found—a suitable jockey."

Ay, here lay the difficulty. He must not only be a clever and willing servant, but his discretion must be like a sealed tomb. If I would go about to find a jockey at once, Joe

Was now more determined than ever to pay them out. "I'll eat him, saddle and all, s'elp me bob, sir, if I don't!" said he, as he passed me on his way back to the stables.

There was nothing now for us to do but to await the grand event, and abide by the issue of the day. The olds were now five hundred to one against Aluminium. Of course, at such a price, we risked all that we possessed and all we could borrow—a matter of about one hundred and twenty louis. Joe appeared perfectly calm and confident about the matter. This greatly reassured me, and helped to keep up my spirits, that had begun to droop, perhaps from the un-conscious effect of the unsympathetic welcome the unfortunate No. 7817 had received in the morning.

Many carriages had remained in the open on the other side of the track ever since the early canter, in order to secure good places. Pedestrians now began to flock toward us from over the fields. Even at twelve, eager amateurs could be seen wandering about with a pesage ticket hung to the button-hole. At a little past one all Paris seemed to be issuing from the different outlets of

he recognized me. "Quelle foule! mon Dieu! quelle foule!" he exclaimed, as he mopped his forehead with a huge red silk handkerchief. I showed him the place that had been reserved for him, Aluminium was mineral instead of hat I took so many precautions, but in these old countries there are such before the Grand Prix, which was to take prejudiced and narrow-minded people that place at half past three o'clock. At the terare always ready to war against new ideas as mination of the last of these races I was in if they were culpable innovations. According to my opinion, a horse is no less a horse because he is not made of the old-fashioned before the other "entries." This ordeal satisfactorily passed through, our jockey descended to the track before any of the others were out, and galloued off, as if to warm his animal, to a bend in the course beyond the limits of the crowd, where the machine and Joe were awaiting him, on the inner side of the track, where there is no railing. Bill dismounted as if to tighten his girth, and this was the signal for Joe, who was partially disguised in a cap and blouse, to come close to him with Aluminium, and pretend to aid him. Thus the exchange was successfully effected. Some time elevand successfully effected. Some time elapsed before all the competitors were in the field. Bruce was the last to make his appearance, mounted by Archer. The excitement of the crowd, that had only been lukewarm during the minor contests, was now roused to the highest pitch, and cries of "Fenelon!" "Bruce!" "Archer!" "Marden?" rang from the crowd, and were echoed by the grand

"I have only one word to say to you," whispered Joe to Bill English, as he galloped Aluminium to the starting-place, that is to mind the neck valve. God bless

I had no time to ask Joe for an explanation of this mysterious injunction, for in another instant the bell rang, the flag com-

menced to fall, and they were off.

Fenelon led, closely followed by Albambra,
then came Bruce and Aluminium bugging the inside of the track, followed by Marden and Grande Princesse, with all the rest hud-died together in one indistinct mass, showing all the colors of the rainbow. They were gone like a flash; out of sight in a moment, leaving us thrilled with excitement and rooted to the spot, straining eyes through double barrels, on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of them round the bend of the course. A breathless silence, a subdued hush, had come over the multitude in every direction, as it swayed to and fro in eager expecta-tion. Soon a murmur was wafted back to us from the outer limits of the crowd. "Les voila! les voila!" soon became audible. Then the cries broke out all along the line. ome clapped their hands, others threw up their hats; and shouts and cries like the confused roar of the surging sea arose from

"Aluminium! Aluminium!" I shrieked, my heart thumping against my ribs, and my very knees knocking together.

Bruce and Fenelon were nose to nose, and Aluminium between them, only a neck behind, Bill English looking triumphant, and riding with the motionless ease of a perfect "Aluminium! Aluminium!" ockev. roared.

Fenelon's jockey was already lashing him with all his might. "Lost!" I thought to myself. "Aluminium can never make up that neck." But, at the crucial moment, just as they passed the judges' line, I thought I saw, like the mocking phantom of by-gone dreams, the nose of Aluminium dart out like a flash from between the heads of Bruce and Fenelon. Yet no. Could it be? The body was still behind. I not only felt that all was lost, but that my reason had tottered from its throne. made a rush for the judges' tribune, maddened by the thought, and quite beside my-self, knocking over several people, and climbing over the shoulders of others, in my wild, impetuous career to rejoin Joe.

Joe was leaning against the tribune, hatless, with his shirt torn open, weeping like a child, in the same helpless convulsive way that he had done when I had been so rash as o solicit the loan of a louis.
"Lost! Lost! We've lost!" I cried,clutch-

ing at him.

He could not speak; he only slowly lifted his arm and pointed to the electric dial on the tribune overhead. I guessed his meaning, and looked up.

The blood stood still in my veins. I was dumbfounded as I read:

Aluminium Ire,

Bruce 2me, Fenelon 3me. Was I asleep or awake? I rubbed my eyes. "Wh-a-a-at!" I exclaimed, bewildered

beyond measure. Joe put out an arm and drew me to him. 'The neck! It was the neck!" A light like the beautiful clear sun of

neaven shining on a wicked world burst upon me. A fortune was ours.

Just then M. Druot toddled up to us, holding in his hand a negative taken at the very instant psychologique of the race.
"What a phenomenon! I will lecture on

it at the next meeting at the Academy," said the enthusiastic Academician, full of a sort of aged glee. "Just look here!" Joe took the negative in his hand, but almost instantly let it fall, breaking it into a thousand fragments. He expressed his sor-row, and afterward we compensated the old man for his loss by making him a present of the finest collection of lepidoptera we could and in Paris.

During the wild symposium which of course followed the terrible strain of the day, Joe explained the "neck secret" to me. My ideas of its mechanical construction are vague: Veuve Cliquot is excellent, but I to remember Joe placing his two hands afirctionately on my shoulders and saying to me, while appealing to Bill English, who behaved like a trump all through, and rode the race like a Centaur, "Why, my dear boy, Aluminium's neck can telescope nearly two yards! Waiter, another bottle of '72." - William B. Greene, in Harper's Maga-

Game.

There are various notions current among men of many minds in regard to what constitutes the highest ideal of personal enjoyment. There are those, indeed, who look upon coon-hunting as sport, and about this time of the year sally out into the country to indulge in this inspiring recreation. Coon-hunting takes place at night, and requires for its proper prosecution a number of cur dogs of uncertain parentage, which are supposed to be liberally educated if they can tell a coon from a polecat. At times a company of nocturnal hunters have been made a hissing and reproach to the entire community by the misplaced zeal of their dogs in following the trail of the latter animal. When game is discovered by these dogs the entire company goes crashing and stumbling through the woods for several miles, falling over logs and into brooks, and getting scratched by brambles and whipped in the face with twigs, until the coon is treed. Then the beast is shot or shaken out of the tree, and worried to death by the dogs, and the hunters, covered with glory and mud, take the quarry home and make a noxious stew of it, of which they partake with assumed enjoyment. It is a curious fact that men who are terribly particular about civilized food, and find all sorts of fault with the manner of its preparation, will eat any manner of wild abomination and affect to be pleased with it if only the sacred name of game is attached thereto.-Boston Jour val.

-A Montana paper has discovered a gorge in the Yellowstone where, it asserts, the atmosphere is a non-conducBLOODY WORK.

The Recent Troubles in Kentucky in Connection with the Ashland Horror-A Mob Attacks a Steamboat Bearing the Prison ers Neal and Craft, Who Were Under the Protection of the State Militia-The Troops Fire Upon the Attacking Party, and Upon a Number of Spectators-Several Killed and Many Others Wounded-Both Sides of the Story.

IRONTON, O., November 1. William Neal and Ellis Craft were convicted ome months ago at the Catlettsburg (Boyd County, Ky.) Circuit Court, of the murder of Robert and Fannie Gibbons and Emma Carrier. They were granted a new trial by the Supreme Court. George Ellis, an accomplice, who confessed and was sentenced to imprisonment for life, was hanged by a mob, at Ashand, last summer.

On Monday last Neal and Craft, guarded by two hundred and twenty State troops, with one section of artillery, arrived at Catlettsburg from Lexington, where they have been held for safe-keeping, to stand trial. It was learned at Ashland, in some mysterious way, that Judge Brown was going to grant a change of venue, and the excitment there became intense. About eleven o'clock this morning word was telegraphed from that place to Catlettsburg that most of the men had quit work in the iron works, and that the nail factory had closed down. All the men, so the dispatch said, were marching on Catlettsburg. In an hour or so nearly one hundred and fifty of them did arrive, and a hard, determinedlooking crowd they were. They carried no arms about them, but were said to have weapons concealed out side of town. As they marched sullenly about the streets, the rumors of coming trouble increased.

At one o'clock the court-house yard was packed with a dense mass of men, most of whom seemed to have come from the adjoining counties. The court-house was packed when the soldiers marched in with the prisoners. The soldiers went inside the bar, surrounded the chairs of the prisoners, and prepared to defend them to the last. The evidence for a change of venue was overwhelming Judge Brown said he was sorry to say, for the honor of his old home, that Boyd County could not give the accused men a fair trial, and he would have to grant a change of venue, and in compliance with the law he would have to elect an adjacent county. He selected Carter County, and the trial would be set for the third day of the Carter County Circuit Court, which begins on the first Monday in February.

A few moments later the soldiers again gathered about the prisoners and marched them back to the jail, the room just above the court-

Soon there were but a few men in the 'yard or near the building, and the dangerous-looking crowd had melted away. They could be seen in groups about the street corners denouncing Neal and Craft, and uttering threats of violence. Strange to say, His Excellency, Governor L. P. Blackburn, was abused almost as much as those two.

This afternoon at 2:30 Sheriff Kountz, with the State troops and prisoners, boarded the steamboat Granite State for Maysville, intendsteamboat Granite State for Maysville, intending to go thence by rail to Lexington to the jail, to confine the prisoners until trial.

After the Granite State, with the soldiers and escort had left, the citizens took the train and returned to Ashland, which is five miles below Catlettsburg, arriving a few minutes shead of the boat. They disembarked, and about thirty or forty, mostly wild how heardshead of the boat. They disembarked, and about thirty or forty, mostly wild boys, boarded the ferry-boat and started out to hail the Granite State, which was hurrying by near the Ohio shore. The ferry had reached mid-river as the Granite State passed her. She had disregarded the ferry-boat's signal to land, and about this time some one on the boat discharged a revolver. The military opened a murderous fire, piercing two steem pipes and the boiler manhead. There was no further reply from the disabled ferry-boat. Several of the mobined been wounded but none killed. The fire of the soldiers was still kept up, but was trued principally against the crowd of unoffending spectators upon the wharf and Front street. All who were killed and mortally wounded were shot on or near the grade, whence not a shot had been fired. After all the shooting had ceased from the ferry-boat, the military kept firing as long as they could see the boat or a soul in town. It looked like a venegful determinetown. It looked like a vengeful determina-tion to carry out Blackburn's threat to kill ev-erybody in, Boyd County. The following-named persons were killed or mortally wound-ed: John Bass, James McDona'd, Colonel Rap-p'rt, George Keeler, Mr. Dunlap's baby, Mort Dunlap, Alexander Watt, John Gallagher, Mrs. Jack Seerz, Graham Randall, Bob Lath-

ers. Seventeen other persons were slightly

CINCINNATI, November 2. Mr. Phister, clerk of the Grantie State, says Major Allen engaged their steamer Tuesday night to convey the prisoners and troops to Maysville, but this was kept a profound secret, even from the other boat officers, Major Allen wishing to avoid a collision with the mob. They telegraphed to Major Allen that they would be at Catlettsburg at 11:30, but failed to reach there till afternoon. He thinks if they could have arrived there promptly the

whole trouble would have been avoided. Brose Dennis, who, with Mr. Williamson, occupied the pilot-house, the latter being on watch, says the soldiers were placed in the pilot-house to keep the pilots at their post. He says that shots were fired at the Granite State both from the wharf-boat and the men on the bank. Many of these were aimed at the pilot-

house, and six balls struck the pilot-house. A number of other bullet-marks appear on other parts of the boat. parts of the boat.

Of the firing from the bank and the wharfboat Denuis is certain. Both he and the clerk,
Phister, say it would have been easy for the
ferry-boat to have overlaken them and had a
renewal of the battle if the troops had not
acted with promptness in returning the lire.
They speak in commendation of the action of
the officers, and say there was no disposition
shown to be bloodthirsty or malicious.
Upon the return of the troops to Lexington a

Shown to be bloodthisty or malicious.

Upon the refure of the troops to Lexington a reporter interviewed the commanding officer, Major Allen, and obtained the following statement: The motion for change of venue having been granted by Judge Brown, and the case removed to Carter County, an order was issued directing the Sheriff, in connection with the State Grands with the State Guards, to convey the prisoners back to Lexington for safe confinement. Durwith the State Guards, to convey the prisoners back to Lexington for safe confluement. During that afternoon there were a good many rumors to the effect that large crowds were congregating at Ashland preparatory to coming to Catlettsburg that night to take the prisoners, Craft and Neal. A telegram was received by Major Allen from an official of the Chesapeake & Cho Railroad, stating that a mob had taken possession of the tools of the railroad section hands at Ashland, and, as the telegraph states, evidently meaning mischief. Another telegram was received by the Major st ting that the mob had torn up the track at Ashland, believing that the troops would return that night with the prisoners. Major Allen had for his command return tickets over the Chesapeake & Chio Railroad, and intended to go back that way, but, believing it unsafe, made arrangements through his Quartermaster with the Captain of the Gran te State, which went up to liuntington that evening, to take them on his return trip to Maysville. That night the troops, in expectation of an attack from a mob from Ashland, were under the strictest guard. Eighteen men, relieved every two hours, guarded every street approaching the court-house, and mounted pickets were posted at d fierent points of the town under the command of Captain Murphy. Major Allen said that the only fighting done by his men was done as the boats passed each other. He did not round to or stop to fight; all he wanted was to get away with the prisoners, especially as his command had escaped without serious casualties.

"Is THIS wo wan your wife?" asked the Justice of a colored man. "Is what my wife?" "Is this woman your wife?" "I don't see no oman. I sees a lady, and de lady is my wife." "Is this man your husband?" "Dat gen'leman is my husband." "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I have investigated this case, and have decided to send this lady and gentleman to juil for six months."-Arkansan Traveler.

THERE are some cute observers in New Orleans. The Picayune man has discovered that the reason why some of the streets lamps tor of sound. "No matter how loud one that it is afraid to go out alone -N. Y commercial Advertiser.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Ers. Seguin, Wife of the Celebrated New York Physician, Blindfolds and Ph Her Three Children, and Shoots Ther Alternately-She Then Puts a Bulle Through Her Own Erain-The Hu and Father Almost Insane from Grief and Despair.

New York, October 3L. Mrs. Feguin, aged thirty-six, wife of Dr. Edward C. Seguin, the noted specialist or diseases of the broin, killed her three young children this afternoon and then killed herself at No. 41 West Tweet tieth street. There is no other cause known for the horrible tragedy than the insanity of the mother. The children were Edward D., aged six years; John Van Duyo, aged five years, and Jeannette, four years. They were all shot through the head and instantly killed. The mother's death was as sudden as theirs. The frightful feature of the sragedy is the manner of the murder. Mrs. Seguin took the children to an empty spare room at the top of a five-story bouse, in the absence of her husband, and while the servants were engaged in the basement, and locked herself in with them. The servants believed they had sone out for a walk.

What happened in the room will never be known, but when Dr. Amidon, Mrs. Seguin's brother, called at five o'clock, and, with his suspicions aroused by the long absence of the family, made a search of the house, the mother and children were found dead, all shot through the head. The children's hands were tied behind their backs with whip-cord. They were blindfolded with handkerchiefs, and, from all appearances, they must have been shot while playing blindman's buff with their executioner. They had been dead for at least an hour and a half, and were quite cold when discovered. Three pistols were found in the room, all of heavy caliber, and all had been

Mrs. Seguin had been despondent from physical causes for some time, but she had shown no evidence of insanity. She was i small, slim woman of nervous tempermen Her domestic lite was very happy, and there was no family trouble.

Dr. Seguin returned home about seven o'clock, and upon hearing the dreadful news was utterly prostrated. He is in a state of mental distress, and under the care of phy-

Dr. Seguin is a noted specialist in cases of nsanity. His father was equally so. His wife was the daughter of a Massac farmer. The couple moved in the best society. The family lived in a five-story brown-sto front English basement house, elegantly furnished. The room in which the tragedy took place is on the fifth floor, and is scarcely ever

used by the family. The three servants in the house noticed during the day that Mrs. Seguin was in the moody condition she had been in for several weeks, and which her brother, Dr. Amidon, termed "the blues." About eleven o'clock he called upon her, and she said she did not feel well and had written to Dr. Henry Draper, who had been invited to dine with the family, to defer his visit. This note she asked her brother to send. He took it, jokingly, and told her they

would all enjoy themselves. Dr. Amidon called on his sister at three o'clock, and was told she had gone out for a walk. He returned at five o'clock, but Mrs. Seguin had not yet returned. The hall-boy incidentally mentioned that the door of the spare room was locked and the key gone. A sudden suspicion seized the doctor that Mrs. Seguin had gone to the Central Park and drowned berself and the children. He could not explain why he thought this. He immediately went up stairs and burst the door of the room open. A horrible sight met his eyes. Almost in the middle of the floor lay the dead body of the eldest boy, Edward, in a pool of blood Partly in a closet lay Mrs. Seguin, grasping in her right hand a big pearl-handled revolver. Inside the closet lay the boy John and the girl Jeannette. There could be no doubt that the room on the pretense of playing blindman's buff. She had led the two youngest into the closet, and looked them in while she murdered the oldest boy. The pistol with which he was shot was a target-practice weapon, with a barrel eleven inches long. It lay beside him, and the bullet lay on the floor. It had passed through his head. The maniac mother then proceeded to the closet, and with a heavy thirty-two-caliber revolver, with which she afterward blew out her own brains, shot the other two children.

Dr. Am don cut the strings that bound the children's hands and laid them on the bed. The police and Coroner were notified at once. Nothing was found in the room to explain the motive for the terrible crime.

The maniac had held the weapon close to her victims' heads, for the handkerchiefs on their faces had been burned. The face of the little girl wore a look of innocent surprise that cut more deceply than any other feature of the dreadful deed. On the table laid a box of cartridges and a third pistol.

Dr. Seguin, when he returned, was taken to his office and physicians summoned. He acted as though his faculties were gone. He caught sight of the picture of his children on the wall, and broke into a horrible, walling cry that wrung the hearts of the listeners. The physicians fear he will lose his reason. None of the servants heard any noise, Sudden insanity is the only motive known

for the deed. Mrs. Seguin was nevely dressed. The children were lovely little things, and all the family she had.

The Comet

Prof. H. A. Howe, of Denver, has computed the following as the elements of the orbit of the great comet of the present year, referred to Washington time, and the apparent eclipse and equinox of September 30, 1881: oif t

Putting the e figures into language which is intellig ble to the great majority of our readers, we have the following points:

1. The comet passed within 750,000 miles from the sun's center, and only about 300,000 miles from his apparent surface. 2. The comet swings out into space to a dis-

tance about ten times as great as the distance of Neptune from the sun. 3. The period of revolution is fully 3,000 years. Therefore:

4. This comet is not the one of 1843; and, 5. There is no danger that it will tumble into the sun next year, or at any other time sufficiently near to cause a pang of sorrow to any

one now living.

6. We might also infer that, as two of the observations on which this computation is based were made after the comet had I ft the imme diate neighborhood of the sun, its speed was not materially lessened by friction during the perihelion passage; and that, therefore, the corona is not so dense at a height of 200,000

miles above the solar surface as has been

rather widely believed in recent years.-Chica-

to Tribune, October 28.

-Some journalists seem determined to rob the profession of romance and estheticism. A Texas paper having learned that one of the most brilliant newspaper men of the East was to start a journal in that State, remarked, editorially: "That brilliant man from the East will have his brilliancy somewhat d mmed when he has to get down to writing dog-fight items and announcement cards for candidates."

-Kaiser Wilhelm celebrated, a few burn all night is because the light is so s nall days ago, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry upon the government of